



# THE IRISHMAN'S FAREWELL TO HIS COUNTRY

O farewell Ireland I'm going across the stormy  
main  
When cruel strife will end my life to see you  
never again  
I'd break y<sup>r</sup> heart with you to part anshla-  
astor macree  
But I must go full of grief & woe to the shores  
of America

## CHORUS—

So farewell I can no longer dwell at home acus  
h'astor macree  
Sad is my fate I must emigrate to the shores  
of America  
On Irish soil my father dwelt once the time  
of Brian Boru  
He paid his rent & I'd content convey it to  
Carrigmore  
The landlord's agent into our cabin went and  
moved my poor father & me  
But we must leave our home far away to roam  
in the fields of America  
No more at the church-yard ashore machree  
at my father's grave will I kneel  
The tyrant know-but little of the woe the poor  
man has to feel  
When I look upon the little spot of ground is  
to be r<sup>o</sup>ce  
It was the landlord that has given us cause to  
part to America  
Gather 's the neighbours kind & true that was  
once my country's pride  
Now they I be seen on the face of the green  
or dance on the green hell side  
In the strangers' cows that is grazing now wh<sup>o</sup>  
are the people used to be  
Hark notice they were served to be turn'd out  
excluded or banish'd to America  
O Erin-ahere must our children be exil'd all  
over the earth  
Will they ever more think of you ashore on  
the land that gave them birth  
Must the Irish yield like the beast of the field  
O no an hlanachree  
We will return ye giving blessings from our  
lives to the shores of America